

From the Knapsack.

TO RHEY.

JUNES XIX, 1810.—THE HERALD CORPUS.
When Gileas' heartless libertines
Outlived their Levee, quiet,
Then added to their jostlings,
With their stings.
All issued from their shambles, woke,
Through vale and hill loud voices broke,
Incessant and stent, a steel-blanked flood
Drove out revenue in streams of blood,
Why start ye, sons of Asher? Why
Is Israel's God, the God of Asher?
As Raoul's stricken, And Robt's gotta
Tell of the dismied victim's fate?—
Mannock?—Why that alone lament,
Over Hor's will still so truly go?—
Tell, echo of the Marley, Marley, Marley,
How comes from Gilon's caves?—
Through Rouen, Simeon, Ephraim, Dan—
The "horn-bleeding" herald!—
Wailings were heard in Naphtali,
Through Zebed's, the last of the tribe;—
A long, long, Grief, whose jester's stream,
In leuicular the lances glisten.
They lorn, Juddah,—tears the ground,
And roars his rage to tribes around,
From Gilon flesh and bones were sent
Crying "Revenge!"—"Aye, aye, aye,
A corps of death, and more!—
How "Forges" whet or it comes?—
But while my brothers are forges,
For slaves, for masters, look to Heaven,"—
A son of Freedom! Come to view,
This heretic, this traitor, this—
Hush! at last, he comes to you,
Hush—listen to the dead!—
He tells of souls whose short career
On earth is filled with pain and fear;
While their bodies are laid to rest,
And who shuns their reas seek,
In prison must atone make.
He tells us of a torturing rack
Designed, not bones, but hearts to break
And whose bones only birds
O'er the earth still living friends.
A victim he, yet not alone,
Wife, children, must with him stone,
For doing deas of love for those
Whom pity could refuse.
She tells me, "I am a dea, too,
That her hand should be required;
They—trust that a father's smile,
Would yet their tedious hours begive;
At distance from his dying bed
Through torturing hopes and fears led.
He—anguished that his babes and wife,
And all the deas of life he had,
See—us—deas, that ne'er is near!
Haste frenzey!—stand beneath the bier.
Let patriots bear a patriot's dust,
Remembering "I AM" is just.—
His heart—his flesh shall come to us
In fire!—"Selah" shall be our tones,
It shows us that men delay,
God rules—
He WILL PROVE A WAY.
Freuen, to the God of
That "delivered" one has
God his story there will bear,
Free the slave—or justice fear.

T. D. P. STONE.

From the Encapsulator.

HE WAS RASH.

BY REV. T. D. P. STONE, HOLLISTON.

"But he was rash,"—Catharine
And David readily forgot,
The child exposed to ruthless flame,
By rashness too was sought.

Rashly the footman seized the boy,
Before the fire—
Rashly the mother took her joy,
To him who did the deed.

Rashly old Marathon was fought;
And Trasiger was rash;
And Waterloo was rashly bought;
Rash was the Bastile's crash.

The noisy done, is rash success,
Which failure had made base;
The rashly done is bold prowess,
Which makes the victor's grace.

Yes, he was rash for God—for man.
Rash in his tenderness,
Rash in defying slavery's ban,
Rash in his zeal to bless.

Such rashness will not be denied
As now—at that last day;
Such rashness will not be denied
The final victory.

From the Cleveland American.
Be gentle as the Spring.

By Mrs. ANNETTE DE L.

—
Snow full on yesterday: yet this is spring—
't is April's showery and sunny morn;
And now the budding, starting forests ring
With the wild chant of joyous birds; and
soon

Among the trees shall bloom the leafy vine,
The violet, the rose, the columbine.—
Still, snow fell yesterday. It seemed as though
The winter had not yet left us. The hours long
The hours he long had reviled in, to go
To the dreary regions of the North, and wave
His magic spell over Greenland's icy rocks,
And toss to polar winds his fleecy locks.—
As though he better loved Ohio's clime,
Where plenty smiles, with all her golden
train,
Than where dread icebear over their head
Came,
And frozen terrors on the frozen main,
And so the sordid mornous snow to bright,
The work of gentle Spring, for very spite.—
Yet will he not succeed. His pale-eyed Spring
Will call the flowers from their early beds,
And when the sun shall warm with whitered
thingTo life again; and though their drooping
headsThe plente have bowed, yet shall deck
the vale,For Spring, so gentle, Christ-like, must
prevail.—
Remember this, who has the growing mind
Of plente, though bound in iron, and his
Sways could not budge, always kind,
Sleek soft as the whispering summer
air;—Remember! God the brood need never
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He ne'er extinguishes the smoking flax!

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